

THE DIAL

A SEMI-MONTHLY JOURNAL OF
Literary Criticism, Discussion, and Information.

EDITED BY
FRANCIS F. BROWNE. | Volume XXIV.
No. 285.

CHICAGO, MAY 1, 1898.

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A NEW THEORY OF BIOGRAPHY.

Every reader is familiar with Wordsworth's statement that in the sonnet "Shakespeare unlocked his heart," and with Browning's characteristic comment: "Did Shakespeare? If so, the less Shakespeare he." The controversy, although not narrowed to a simple question of Shakespearean interpretation, is older than either Wordsworth or Browning, and is likely to survive as long as literature itself. Does the poet indeed reveal himself in his work, or does he, in Olympian majesty,

"Sit as God holding no form of creed,
But contemplating all"?

It is not surprising that Wordsworth and Browning should have answered the question in different if not opposite ways, for the earlier poet was essentially of the introspective type, while the later was as essentially dramatic, and the subjective aspect of thought was as sure to be emphasized by the one as its objective aspect by the other. The problem is no doubt an indeterminate one, with something to be said for either solution; but we are inclined to think that the dramatic solution has been taken a little too much for granted, and that a finer method of analysis than critics have been wont to apply will disclose personal elements in the most impersonal of utterances. If even the style be of the man himself, as Buffon once remarked, and as most of us are willing to allow, how much more should the style and its content taken together prove a reflection of the poet's individuality, and supply an intimate revelation of most that is really worth knowing about his life.

This question, as far as it relates to the baffling personality of the greatest of poets, has recently been taken up in certain critical quarters, and reopened for discussion in a way that must attract attention. The editor of "The Saturday Review" has published a series of subtly critical papers upon "The True Shakespeare" as he may be found in the deepest and most characteristic of the plays, while the columns of "The Atheneum" have found room for the following strong deliverance:

"A poet, howsoever artistic, howsoever dramatic the form of his work may be, is occupied during his entire life in painting his own portrait. And if it were not for the intervention of the biographer, the reminiscence

writer, or the collector of letters for publication, our conception of every poet would be true and vital according to the intelligence with which we read his work. This is why, of all English poets, Shakespeare is the only one whom we do thoroughly know — unless perhaps we should except his two great contemporaries, Webster and Marlowe. . . We know how Shakespeare confronted every circumstance of this mysterious life — we know how he confronted the universe, seen and unseen — we know to what degree and in what way he felt every human passion. There is no careless letter of his, thank God! to give us a wrong impression of him. There is no record of his talk at the Mermaid, the Falcon, or the Apollo saloon to make readers doubtful whether his printed utterances truly represent him. Would that the will had been destroyed! then there would have been no talk about the 'second-best bed' and the like insane gabble."

The authority of Dr. Brandes also supports this view, and his recent study of Shakespeare contains nothing more significant and memorable than the passage which thus closes the work :

"It is the author's opinion that, given the possession of forty-five important works by any man, it is entirely our own fault if we know nothing whatever about him. The poet has incorporated his whole individuality in these writings, and there, if we can read aright, we shall find him. The William Shakespeare who was born at Stratford-on-Avon in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who lived and wrote in London during her reign and that of James, who ascended into heaven in his comedies and descended into hell in his tragedies, and died at the age of fifty-two in his native town, rises a wonderful personality in grand and distinct outlines, with all the vivid colouring of life from the pages of his books, before the eyes of all who read them with an open, receptive mind, with sanity of judgment and simple susceptibility to the power of genius."

Is there not in these passages more than a suggestion of a biographical method more promising than that with which we have been content hitherto? In other words, when all has been said that may be gleaned from the most painstaking search of the records wherein the external aspects of a great writer's life are revealed, do we really come to know him half as well as we might learn to know him from a reverent study of his works? Who is there that, having once felt the glow of spiritual communion with a beloved poet, does not become chilled when he seeks to supplement this intimate acquaintance by ferreting out accidents and trivialities of the poet's everyday life? Do we know such a man in the best sense when we merely know how he looked, and who were his associates, and how he earned his living, and what were the circumstances by which his career was shaped? It may be well enough to know these things, but we must guard against claiming for them an undue significance. With the man of action, such things are all that are given us to know, but how much richer is the leg-

acy left us by the man of thought! Do we often know a man's life, however amply-documented, as we know the life of Amiel, for example, and do not the works of every great writer unconsciously supply us with a "Journal Intime" which we may read if we will? Of what subordinate importance becomes "chatter about Harriet" when we have the poems of Shelley? And with the essays of Montaigne to reveal to us the soul of that worthy Gascon, how little are we concerned with the Mayor of Bordeaux?

It is occasionally said of a man that the study of his life shows him to have been greater than his works. This is sometimes true in the literal sense, as in the case of Dr. Johnson, whom assuredly "The Rambler" and "The Lives of the Poets" could not endear to us as he is endeared by the journals of his faithful biographer. But this is a quite exceptional case; and then, who knows how many other men, now little more than historical names, might loom up in our consciousness as vital and commanding figures had there been Boswells to limn them for us? To the fame of a man who is essentially a Maker of literature the memory of his other achievements can add little, and when we speak of him as greater than his work we fall into exaggeration, although of a generous and pardonable sort. What we are really doing is to give expression to our delight in discovering that the high ideals of the work have their counterpart in the life, that our hero realized his true self in his lesser activities as well as in those greater activities by which he has earned remembrance. This sort of consonance is indeed rare, and when we discern it in the life of a Dante or a Milton, our reverence is deepened, and our admiration echoes the sentiment of Rossetti when he speaks of Dante's proud refusal to accept a degrading amnesty.

"Such were his words. It is indeed
For ever well our singers should
Utter good words and know them good
Not through song only; with close heed
Lest, having spent for the work's sake
Six days, the man be left to make."

But the imperfection of nature is such that the man is often "left to make" in some parts of his composite individuality; what we would now urge is that every man is entitled to be judged by his strength rather than by his weakness, and that the biographer of a great writer needs to remain ever on his guard lest the splendid services of his subject be dimmed or obscured by an over-insistence upon matters of irrelevant detail. Let us still be curious — although not too curious — concerning the external history of the creators of literature; but

let us also hold fast to the fact that the truest record of their lives is to be found in the books they have left us, that a formal biography can at best do nothing more than cast side-lights upon a poet's personality, that a display of the trappings and the suits of life is but a poor substitute for the direct self-revelation offered by the work itself.

THE GREATEST LITERARY FORM.

It is worth while to repeat, with Aristotle and Lessing, that tragedy is the top achievement of the human intellect. Of course this is not an universal opinion. The Greeks in general seem to have regarded Homer as the norm of literature, and Proclus describes the tragic poets as wandering in intoxicated error from his true path. And Keats says that "The epic is of all the king, round, vast, and spanning all like Saturn's ring." But these are enthusiasms. Most critics have agreed with Aristotle, that tragedy contains all that the epic does, in a more concentrated form, and a great deal besides. Perhaps the inevitable dualism of life—the Me and Not Me—comes out more definitely in the dialogue of tragedy than in any other form of literature. It is remarkable that whereas all the great epic poets have been believers, have accepted the religion or creed of their times and justified the ways of God to man, the greater dramatists, on the other hand, have all given a skeptical or doubtful solution of the problem of existence. Homer, Virgil, Dante, Milton, Tasso—the list is one of unquestioning worshippers. The Author of the Book of Job, Æschylus, Shakespeare, Goethe, Molière,—this is just as surely a roll-call of doubters or deniers. Even Calderon, the poet of Catholicism, in his two greatest plays, forgets his faith in the Cross and the Inquisition, and gives us the inexplicable struggle of thought. A practical explanation of this division of roles between the two orders of poets lies in the fact that the epic poet deals with the outward world—with bodies and things. Gods, goddesses, angels, and demons, with their respective heavens and hells, are a lucky find for him—an extension of his domain. But tragedy deals with the human soul—which is incapable of extension, only capable of division. It does not follow that epic poetry is the most religious or the most profound. It only shows God acting on the world directly; but tragedy shows him as acting through His enemy—His laws revealed by the very opposition to them.

Aristotle's dictum that tragedy, through fear and pity, effects a purification from such like passions, is one of his dark sayings that compel conjecture. In whom does it effect this purification, and how can pity purify from pity? Thomas Taylor, the translator of Aristotle, is the only one, so far as I know, who decidedly asserts that the purification is not in

the spectators. He says tragedy purifies from those perturbations which happen in the fable and are the cause of the unhappy events. This is illuminating night with black smoke. He seems to mean, however, that the play evolves itself through agitation into calm, and conducts the spectator or reader through the same operations. Something like this is Goethe's view. But most commentators accept the usual view that terror and pity act on like passions. That such is the case, may be doubted. In Gray's phrase, we "may snatch a fearful joy" at times from tragedy, but as a rule the spectator does not feel fear at all—such instances as the women fainting on the appearance of the Furies pursuing Orestes being exceptional; nor is pity aroused to such an extent as would be required for purification. Indeed, I suspect the feeling awakened is more that which Lucretius frankly avows when he says that it is pleasant to stand safely on a cliff and behold a shipwreck.

I think the main causes of our pleasure in tragedy are two: a feeling of admiration for power as it exhibits itself in the unrolling of events, an admiration like that with which we gaze on great destructive exhibitions of natural force such as a thunder-storm or a volcano in action; and, second, the feeling of sympathy and kinship for greatly doing or suffering characters. We feel that we too under like circumstances could oppose ourselves to the whole power of Fate, and equal it, at least, by defying it. Our pleasure in the mere display of power accounts for our tolerance of creations of utter wickedness, but of supreme intellect, such as Richard, or Iago, or Mephistopheles; and our feeling of kinship with extreme nobleness or greatness of character, caught in the toils of chance or design, explains our love for Hamlet and Othello. They give us a better opinion of ourselves. Energy triumphant in evil appeals to us, and good supreme in defeat gives us profound joy. Only weakness, moral or intellectual, repels us, and is unfitted for tragic representation.

Hamlet is not weak in any sense. He does everything, sooner or later, which could be expected of a tragic hero. But his intellect is so vast that it is like illimitable space, where there can be no motion, because an object can never get farther from the centre or nearer to the circumference. In comparison, Faust is a weak and ignoble creation, bent on low aims and always led by the nose. I suppose there is no educated man who has not at some time imagined himself a Hamlet, but I never heard of anyone who wanted to be Faust, in spite of the youth, the riches, and the "good fortunes" of the German Doctor. The hypocritical pretense of a love for humanity, by which he evades just retribution in the end, is a piece with the rest of his character. Had he paid his debt to the devil like a gentleman, as did Marlowe's Faustus and Molière's Don Juan, we might have some respect for him. As it is, he is a mere principle of gravitation holding together the incoherent atoms of a chaotic poem. The work lives by reason of the beauty of its central episode, the profoundly conceived character of

Mephistopheles, and the wit, poetry, and philosophy with which it overflows. As a complete work of art, it has no claim to rank with the Greek tragedies or with Shakespeare; and to place it beside the Divine Comedy, as some have done, is to equal a nebulae with a finished system of stars.

The heroes of Greek tragedy were personalities; those of Shakespeare are persons. In the Greek conception, the abstract idea is predominant; in Shakespeare, the concrete individual. Antigone or Electra is universal girlhood placed in certain predicaments; Cordelia and Desdemona are particular women. Orestes is the ordinary filial human being in a most terrible position; Hamlet is original, and unlike any other mortal. The collision with the Greeks is sharper and more definite. It does not soften itself with humor or human peculiarities. Its effect is more tremendous and instantaneous, but not so penetrating. It is a contradiction of abstract ideas that must destroy each other.

The first condition under which we can take pleasure in the exhibition of tragic force is that we, the spectators, shall be safe from it. It follows that the more remote and ideal the presentations are, the better. Euripides brought tragedy down to earth, and his audiences seem to have felt that they were involved in the issues he exhibited—that they were being sermonized and lectured; and they disliked him accordingly. Ibsen, a modern Euripides, has done the same thing. We are willing to stand at gaze for the shafts of satire and laughter; but tragedy is too serious a business to be brought home to our hearths and hearts. In true tragedy, hell opens at every footstep, and we can only stand this when it is sufficiently removed from us to be harmless. We do not domesticate a tiger, or build our houses over an active volcano. Ibsen depicts the Furies moving among the trivialities and commonplaces of contemporary life. It is no answer to say that this is true, that the Furies do wreath their snakes in town houses and villas. Aristotle's law is absolute, that a possible improbability is a better subject for tragedy than an improbable fact. Besides, there is weakness and corruption in every one of Ibsen's characters, and there can consequently not be any effective collision between them. What is the moral of "The Doll's House"? A fool marries an idiot, and they expect perfect happiness. Every character in "Hedda Gabler" is bad—or silly. If they suffer, we say it serves them right and we do not care. Gina in "The Wild Duck" is Ibsen's one rounded piece of humanity. It is a Shakespearean, a Cervantine conception; and her demoniac husband is excellent fooling. But what are they doing among tragic issues? They belong to comedy, and the sentimentalism of the old figures ruins their vraisemblance.

The characters of Victor Hugo's drama resemble those figures which children cut out of colored paper—white, red, pink, or black. They are disks without projection. They have no bodies and no souls—nothing but attitudes and apparel in abundance.

His dramas are probably his poorest works, because they do not contain any of those children or very young people whom he did understand intuitively, and did not have to piece together out of theory.

In spite of literary limitations, I am inclined to think that Wagner will finally come to stand as the greatest tragic poet of modern times. He seized on a few great myths with content of mighty virtues and vices, and a consequent struggle which must always shake the human soul. The life he depicts is truth, while Ibsen's life is merely fact, and Hugo's the phantasies of delirium tremens.

English tragedy has not done itself proud in the last century. In spite of Shelley's hazy conception of human nature and his failure in objective speech, the "Prometheus Unbound" and "The Cenci" are the best things it has to show. Byron, with a firmer grasp of fact, is far looser in his use of the drama. His "Manfred" and "Cain" are the origins of the drama of monologue, the parents of a monstrous brood—Bailey's "Festus," Smith's "Life Drama," Ibsen's "Brand," and much of Browning's work. In all these, a single figure destroys himself from within; with no adequate collision from without. Like all other literary forms, tragedy has fallen into hotch-pot in the novel. Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" and E. Brontë's "Wuthering Heights" are perhaps its best performances of the new mixture. The woman's piece is stern and elemental enough, but Hawthorne prettifies and sophisticates a good deal. "The Scarlet Letter," a twilight melodrama, is hardly universal. All the environment and special pathology of Puritan life must be understood before it convinces. Properties and surroundings are indeed of small account in real tragedy. Dumas's requisites—a table, two chairs, two people, and a passion—are enough for it. The late Robert Louis Stevenson had, I apprehend, a genuine tragic gift. He understood the transformations of character—the heights and depths of human nature, its Himalayas by the Indian Seas—better than most moderns. But he gave himself up to the cultivation of style, as the Dutch did to their passion for tulips; and perhaps with the same result.

Ibsen is to be thanked for one achievement: he has compelled the attention of the reading public to plays. Why or when the custom of reading plays fell into disuse, is hard to state. In the last century they were universally read. But I suppose the ease of having everything spelled out—to the scenery, character, incident—by the novel, has indisposed the average mind for anything that requires intellectual effort and alertness. But the literary form which projects an action roundly, vividly, instantaneously, so that it may show as a whole yet be of polished beauty in its details, is too valuable to be lightly cast aside. It is absolutely immaterial to a play as a piece of literature whether it has been presented on the stage or not. The Greek tragedies are no longer given, and only a few of Shakespeare's pieces,—but that does not interfere with our enjoyment of them; and a good play that has never seen the

boards ought to have an equal chance with readers with a new novel. It is necessary, of course, that dramatic work should conform to dramatic conditions, which for the most part are thetic conditions also. An interminable work, for instance, like Taylor's "Philip van Artevelde," which runs on forever, ought not to call itself a play. And Mr. Swinburne's dramas err against all dramatic construction and human reason, in their long speeches. We can only imagine that the characters themselves listen to each other by a sort of tacit convention that each one is to have his own innings,—though some of them, indeed, don't even allow this, but carry their bat out. Subject, therefore, to reason, the rescue of the play, and especially tragedy, as a literary form, is the most important art movement that can be undertaken.

CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

A PLEDGE OVERSEAS.

When Saxon guest and English host
Were drinking ale,
Each to the other gave the toast,
‘Waes haél!’ ‘Drinc haél!’
‘A pledge! My brother, drink to me!’
‘A pledge! Thy brother drinks to thee!’
‘True comrades let us ever be,’
‘Waes haél!’ ‘Drinc haél!’

Still holds the ancient custom good
When friend meets friend,
Or whilom foes of whilom feud
Would make an end.
The cup is raised, the clasping hands
Knit once again their friendship's bands;
Firm as of yore the troth-pledge stands,
‘Waes haél!’ ‘Drinc haél!’

O mighty Mother of the race,
O mighty Child!
Why stand ye with averted face,
Unreconciled?
Join hands above the bowl! Let both
Exchange like freemen oath for oath,
And pledge the Anglo-Saxon troth,
‘Waes haél!’ ‘Drinc haél!’

A pledge! It rings across the sea,
It rides the gale:
‘This hand, my mother, take from me,—
Waes haél! Waes haél!’
A pledge! It echoes o'er the main:
‘Come to my heart, my child, again;
Before the world we stand — we twain!
Drinc haél! Drinc haél!’

Oh, speed it forth, the nation's toast,
‘Waes haél! Waes haél!’
A thousand leagues from coast to coast,
‘Drinc haél! Drinc haél!’
‘A pledge, America, to thee!’
‘A pledge, Britannia, take from me!’
‘True comrades let us ever be!’
‘Waes haél!’ ‘Drinc haél!’

EDWARD MCQUEEN GRAY.

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ENGLISH CORRESPONDENCE.

London, April 18, 1898.

The talk is still of magazines. I understand that one of our younger publishing houses has had placed in its hands a very large sum, for the purpose of founding and carrying on a new illustrated weekly. From what I hear, it is to be a "big thing," and likely to make some stir. The illustrated literary monthly, of which I have already told you, is still in embryo; but, in the meantime, a company of literary and artistic gentlemen is busy planning a new illustrated monthly magazine, to be devoted to the interests of the collector—art, books, china, stamps, posters, and the rest. Each department is to have its special editor, and the magazine as a whole is to be under the management of a general director. The illustrations are to be a special feature, not merely reproductions, but largely of original work by our most accomplished black-and-white artists. Mr. Oswald Crawfurd's "London Review" is to appear on May 5. From the prospectus I find that it is to be "a high-class weekly Review dealing independently and impartially with Politics, Current Affairs, Literature, and the Money Market." Rather a handful to poise for one penny.

The fashion for finely printed and elegantly bound library editions of our classic novelists is growing. Stevenson, Meredith, Kipling, Lever, Scott, and Jane Austen have had their sponsors; we are now to have a similar production of the works of the Sisters Brontë. The edition is to consist of thirteen handsome large crown octavo volumes, and will include, when completed, the "Life," by Mrs. Gaskell. The paper on which the stories will be printed is to equal that used for the best of the modern *éditions-de-luxe*, and the "get up" generally will be in the taste to appeal to collectors and lovers of fine books. A complete bibliography is to be included in the "Life." The publishers are Messrs. Downey & Co., and the first two volumes may be expected early in September.

Mr. E. A. Petherick is one of our most ardent Australasian bibliographers. For many years he has been engaged on a bibliography of Australasia and Polynesia, until now the manuscript of his work, which was exhibited at the International Library Conference in July last, extends to twenty-six quarto volumes. I understand that, since his retirement from business, Mr. Petherick has been actively engaged in passing this *magnum opus* of his through the press, and that it is on the eve of being published in an imperial octavo volume of nearly 1000 pages.

Publishers are not finding affairs going as smoothly as they could wish. The several failures which have lately occurred may be followed by some more. In that event we may hope for a slackening of the present tension. The new Chairman of the Publishers' Association is Mr. John Murray, and Mr. Murray is rather keen on having a "close season" in publishing. Perhaps he will take steps to realize it; although it will be extremely difficult for publishers to agree to anything which hampers their freedom in their business operations. It might suit a great many to publish, say, from September to April; but there are just as many who favor issuing their novels in the holiday season. I fail to see why there should be such a "close season." It simply means that the publications of twelve months are to be crowded into seven; and how, in that event, the publishers can expect a proper appreciation of their wares, I cannot see. What I conclude from such a course is, that the

competition would become keener, and the weakest would go to the wall. In other words, the larger publishing houses would benefit in the long run.

Book sales in our auction rooms are arousing a lively interest; while the three months that are to come before the season closes will see some fine collections dispersed. The final portion of the Ashburnham library, the interesting antiquarian collection of Mr. E. Walford, the books of Mr. A. Morrison, and a few others, will all make much talk and good business for the "second-hand trade." But what one obtains for a book at an auction sale, and the price that a bookseller often asks for it are not always the same. A fortnight ago, the collection of books and manuscripts of Mr. H. B. Weaver was dispersed by Messrs. Christie & Co. All the lots had been already offered for sale by a leading second-hand dealer in this city, so that a comparison between the prices asked and the prices obtained may easily be made. I have been amusing myself lately by making this comparison, and the result is perfectly ludicrous. It may amuse you also, if I give a few examples. I remember once visiting the premises and looking at a really fine series of extra-illustrated books, consisting of Boydell's "History of the Thames," Horne's "History of Napoleon," and Thiers's "History of the French Revolution." The series was truly a remarkable one, and amounted to nineteen magnificently bound atlas folio volumes, crammed with rare portraits and autographs. I have no doubt the set was worth £10,000 — the price asked for it; I am not in a position to say it was not. At the sale, however, the three works were sold separately, with this result: The Boydell fetched £69, Horne's "Napoleon" £84, and Thiers's "French Revolution" £115, making a total of £268! The question naturally arises — which is the truer value, £10,000 or £268? A set of the first four folios of Shakespeare was also sold. The price asked by the bookseller was somewhere between £2000 and £3000; the prices realized at the auction sale were £98 for the first, £64 for the second, £107 for the third, and £35 for the fourth — or a total of £304. A copy of the 1544 (Lyons) edition of the "Recueil des Histoires de Troye" brought £24 10s. — £600 was the price attached to this. You will agree with me that a collector requires to be very careful in buying if he intends to make a profit by selling his purchases at auction. I have come to the conclusion that the power of a "trade" combination at an auction sale is not to be lightly treated and heedlessly reckoned with.

Times are too dull for me to give you another instalment of prophecies. I must leave that to the many "paraphers" of our many literary news columns. Just now, these gentlemen are simply rehashing information already announced.

TEMPLE SCOTT.

COMMUNICATION.

THE CLAIMS OF LYRIC POETRY.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

With the main contentions of the article "In Regard to Poetry," by Mr. Charles Leonard Moore, in THE DIAL of April 1, it is impossible not to agree. It is hinted, however, that lyric poetry, "the expression of the spontaneous, the particular, and the immediate," has too little ideality to occupy a high place. "Nothing is more certain," it is said further, "than the indifference

of the public to collections of the little leaves of song." The latter assertion is, indeed, too true. But must the anthologist be denied even the anticipation of membership in the choir invisible, resulting from devotion to this species of art in a sordid age? Such a view would be not a little discouraging to some.

Fortunately, the last paragraph of the leading article, on the opposite page of the same issue, saves much search for consolation. We see by the force of great examples that the specific and the proximate are sometimes lost in the flood they unbar. Sometimes? Nay, is not the measure of excellence in lyric poetry, as in all poetry, the degree of suggestiveness, of generalization, of applicability, afforded by its particularity and immediateness? Examples by the score rush into the mind. Soracte standing in deep snow, the blazing sticks on the hearth, the harmless fun, have duplicated themselves thousands of times under other forms in the affections of the readers of Horace's ode, by virtue of that little touch "Leave to the gods the rest" — the dogma of which, as Schopenhauer would say, is of no moment in comparison with its essential proposition, the ineffable comfort of the negation of the will, lit so brightly with its illustrative background. Heine has told us only the most general traits of the child "like a flower," but the little poem in which no particular personality is enshrined is intensely, purely lyric, and immortal. The essence of tragedy is in "The Twa Corbies," of aspiration in "Israfel" and the "Ode to the West Wind," of eulogy in the sonnet "To Mary Unwin," of the rhythmic rising of the sap and stirring of the blood in "Sir Launfæl and Queen Guinevere," of freedom in "To Althea from Prison," of loss in Petrarch's sonnet "Soleasi nel mio cor star bella e viva" with its pregnant close —

"Veramente siam noi polvere ed umbra;
Veramente la voglia è cieca e 'ngorda;
Veramente fallace è la speranza." —

of hard-won deep peace in "Hesperia," of romanticism in "Kubla Khan," of homesickness in the "Old Kentucky Home" and the "Swanee River," of endeavor in "Ulysses," of the mystery of youth in "To a Cuckoo"; and he would be a hardy critic who would maintain that the shortness of any of these prevents it from sinking as deeply into the soul as if it had been extended to dramatic length. Every recluse may find his apology in Mr. Swinburne's sestina "I saw my soul at rest upon a day." In this waif, ostensibly from North Carolina, —

"De little chillen's feet so weary, Lord;
So weary, so weary, Lord!
De little chillen's feet so weary, Lord!
Call de little chillen, Lord.
Come, come, little chillen, come to me." —

who cares whether a creed or a need is implied, whether the "chillen" are children or figures of speech, black or white, American or Scandinavian? The thought of the brief poem which seems to have moved Poe to exclaim, "In perfect sincerity I call and think Alfred Tennyson the noblest of all poets," poises itself but for a moment in "happy autumn fields"; it is weighted with the sum of experience.

Nor can the apparently local minutiae of descriptive lyrics be judged in fitness by any other than this test. The elusive but powerful influence of external nature, felt in the freshness and wonder of youth, attending the vigor of resolve, or the fleeting delight of attainment, or the poignancy of loss; always a subtle stay, an unobtrusive sympathy, even a mirror of our best selves in circumstances which still, it may be, guide our dearest motives, or grant the zest of new ones; the entity that

sometimes almost assumes the weight and character of a personality, as, when one is listening for trivial sounds,—

"A gentle shock of mild surprise
Has carried far into his heart the voice
Of mountain torrents; or the visible scene
Would enter unawares into his mind
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven received
Into the bosom of the steady lake,"—

this presence returns with all its witchery and all its revelation at the adequate mention of

"the intense tranquillity
Of silent hills, and more than silent sky."

and thus forms at once and definitely a qualification for a highest class in objective lyrics, identical with that which we have found to characterize the best subjective ones. Such a lyric is the perfect first half of Shelley's fragment "Summer and Winter"; another is the lines of Keats,

"The clouds were pure and white as flocks new-shorn,
And fresh from the clear brook; sweetly they slept
On the blue fields of heaven, and then there crept
A little noiseless noise among the leaves."

and so on. Another is Frederick Tennyson's "The Blackbird." Perhaps Shelley's "The Question" is the highest example of the kind, showing as it does how even a "landscape inventory" may be a repository of covert feeling and suggestion through the magic of lyric art.

But, it will be said, whatever one's theory of this art, the fact remains that it is not popular. Is the circumstance accidental or essential? The writer inclines to the former view. Since we have learned that the emotions have a physical basis, it may be said that the physical capacity of the heart or emotional soul is, like that of the brain, limited. The strenuous clanking of the machinery of what constitutes the life of nearly all is too obstreperous for even musically attuned ears to distinguish delicate strains through. In the comparative neglect of the lyric under ordinary conditions of existence may be faintly discerned a proof of its inherent and future supremacy. It is quite conceivable and possible that many more may be fitted to learn to appreciate lyric art (as one learns to understand the highest music) than ever have the opportunity presented to them, or the least incentive to acquire it. Not only is sensitiveness requisite, but also an absorption and a calm quite beyond the material reach of most, and this, too, in exact proportion to the value of the art product. Neither Schubert nor Keats can make their message heard in the hurly-burly of ordinary life, though the ears and the eyes have their will; but the Gospel Hymns, and novels, are understood and appreciated. Even among cultured people of leisure, one may question whether the art (for such it is) of reading lyric poetry is widely known. How many readers of this journal have assimilated all the few great inspired lyrics of the English tongue alone, on a hundred occasions, more or less, each time letting every ramification of thought, every turn of phrase, every shade of expression, every step toward the central emotion, every association and every picture called up, filter imperceptibly through the consciousness in slow repeated readings? It takes twenty or thirty minutes to properly construe "Tears, idle tears," and unless this is done spontaneously, the time is wasted. In this respect music has the advantage, for any production may be more or less of an exercise in technique, if nothing more. Small wonder that we are fairly familiar with the requirements of musical training, but bar-

barians in pure literature. Formal class-room training for poetic appreciation, in mediocre hands defeats its own object; hence, very wisely, is generally omitted. The seclusion of soul so necessary for the first stages of the growth of the tender plant of poetic feeling is conspicuous by its absence in contemporary society, for many reasons having no close relation to capabilities in that direction. Certain subordinate characteristics, however, which mark off some varieties of poetry as narrative or dramatic, make somewhat easier an approximation to poetic culture along those lines. Hence it is that we have something called by that name, which, lured largely by external trappings—plot and personality—is disposed to be indifferent to the absorbing, exclusive, imperative requirements of due familiarity with lyric art. However, it is in any case not absolutely necessary to prove that what the public does not want would be good for it. There are all shades of Philistinism.

So much depends on the point of view, that one is almost tempted to wander into a disquisition on the immediateness and particularity of fiction and the drama, as distinguishing characteristics of non-lyric production. It is at least true that in proportion as the personalities treated are more sharply defined, they are more circumscribed in their application than the best lyric entities; for one does not willingly identify himself with a different external individuality; and, apart from their success as portraits or creations, they attain their greatest power when least limited in qualities affecting the sympathy of the reader, as distinguished from his curiosity or wonder. But sympathy is a peculiarly lyrical emotion.

The point of view, again, makes it possible to say as much on one side as on the other on the question whether men's souls find their needs better met by coming to a conclusion of weight after a contemplation of a long, complex series of external actions, or by reaching the same inference through the medium of subtle suggestion in the light of the understanding furnished by personal experience. The former process is doubtless at present better adapted to further a spiritual growth of the masses, hampered as they are by the stress of living. But it does not seem clear in what the implied intrinsic inferiority of the latter consists, since its lack of ideality is apparent instead of real. Any species of literature, as distinguished from knowledge, exalts only in so far as it confirms or intensifies our range of experience. Poetry is intuition, eternal fitness, through but not because of thought. It is a tacit recognition of, and enthusiasm for, moral principles so fundamental in their nature that the poet's sole office, as such, is to recall to the minds of men that they are, without a syllable of didacticism, or of explanation, not potential in the hearer. Evidently, this is accomplished by evoking concrete transfusing emotions. Whether these incentives to insight are or are not cast in dramatic form would seem to be a minor consideration. The lyric, the dramatic, and the narrative treatments are but different modes of attaining the same end, the choice of the mode being dependent on comparatively adventitious circumstances. The lyric is the more sympathetic; the non-lyric is the clearer, more vivid, because it appeals to the external attention.

If in the dim future lies a period when literature shall be exempt from fashion or groping "tendencies," and valued for its permanent elements, the conclusion does not as yet seem inevitable that lyric art will occupy second place.

F. L. THOMPSON.

Montrose, Colorado, April 16, 1898.

The New Books.

MEMOIRS OF AN IRISH NATIONALIST.*

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy is one of the many Irishmen who, leaving their native country to seek a more congenial political clime abroad, have shown through a career of distinguished public services in the land of their adoption how questionable is the charge of political worthlessness levelled against them in the land of their birth. A Celt, a Catholic, a whilom "rebel," Sir Charles is distinctively a member of that class of his countrymen of whom it is freely asserted that they can neither govern nor be governed; and it is not uninstructive to note, as possibly serving to cast some light on the merits of this sweeping proposition, that while in the one hemisphere Sir Charles's public activities landed him eventually in Newgate, in the other they culminated in a premiership. It would seem to be Erin's hard lot that all countries save her are free to profit by and suitably recognize the abilities of her sons.

Sir Charles has, to our thinking, devoted a rather disproportionate share of his usually lively and entertaining memoir to events and measures which properly belong to general Irish history, and which he has already discussed with all the fulness they deserve in a professedly historical work. It would, of course, have been virtually impossible for him to have told the story of his life, or of the earlier phase of it at least, without touching pretty frequently on the topics in question, for his career has been, as all know, closely identified with the Irish nationalist cause. It may even be said that his sobriquet of the "Irish Mazzini" is not altogether ill-deserved, since it is undoubtedly largely owing to Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's intelligent work as a political propagandist that anything like a really considerable and pervasive sentiment or consciousness of Irish nationalism exists to-day. Our present complaint, however, is that Sir Charles, with a self-effacement rare in autobiographers, too frequently loses sight of his own story proper to range afield into the not very edifying annals of the Repeal and Young Ireland periods — the tale of Irish woes and Irish wrongs and abortive Irish enterprises, to which a once sympathetic world now inclines to turn a somewhat impatient ear, getting into his recital very much as King Charles's head got

into the memorial of David Copperfield's friend Mr. Dick. Even the author's Hibernian readers, we fancy, will grudge the space he bestows on the familiar records of O'Connell's "bluffing" agitation with its sorry collapse at Clontarf, the callow Young Ireland movement with its sham Girondism and rapturous schoolboy enthusiasm for French and Hellenic models, the Smith O'Brien "rebellion" with its farcical end in a cabbage-garden, and the rest of it. Into the larger record of these events Sir Charles does not go *in extenso*; but he thinks it worth while to try to clear up for the world the by no means delectable inside history of the paltry squabbles of the nationalist leaders among themselves, which did so much to alienate foreign sympathy and served to breed a pretty general doubt of the ability of Irishmen to coöperate for long cordially and unitedly in the Irish cause.

Having prefaced so much by way of stricture, we hasten to say that the story of our author's romantic and checkered career — as journalist, revolutionist, prisoner of state in the one hemisphere, and as politician, statesman, and Prime Minister in the other—is well worth the telling, and it is told so well, where the author adheres to it, that the reader grudges the more the space given over to the digressions already noted. The opening chapter is devoted to an account of the author's boyhood and youth in the Ulster town of Monaghan, and the remainder of the first volume and about one-third of the second are taken up with his experiences as journalist and agitator, and with the story of the fortunes of the earlier Irish nationalist movement generally, its rise, culmination, disintegration, and decline, down to the date of his departure for a more promising field of political activity in the new hemisphere. It was in 1855 that Sir Charles, despairing of an Ireland "where Mr. Keogh typified patriotism and Dr. Cullen the Church," sailed for the South Pacific; and the final two-thirds of his concluding volume deal largely with events of Australasian political history in which the writer bore a conspicuous and honorable part. When Sir Charles arrived at Melbourne the motley population of that now handsome and thriving city was just beginning to settle down into a semblance of old-world social decorum, and he preserves some racy pictures of the manners that prevailed during the saturnalia following the discovery of gold. The dominant class (while their "luck" lasted) were the "new aristocracy" of successful diggers, who used to flock into town laden with

**MY LIFE IN TWO HEMISPHERES.* By Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. In two volumes, with portrait. New York: The Macmillan Co.

"dust" and nuggets, bent on an orgy to compensate them for a season of hard work and enforced abstinence.

"Drunkenness was their ordinary enjoyment, and the public houses swarmed at all hours of the day and night with roaring or maudlin topers. The mad recklessness of that time exceeds all belief. I have heard from eye-witnesses stories of diggers ordering the entire stock of champagne in a public house to be decanted into wash-tubs, and stopping every passer-by with an invitation to swill; of one frantic toper, when he had made all comers drunk, insisting upon having the bar counters washed with claret; of pier-glasses smashed with a stock-whip in order to make an item worth the attention of a millionaire; of diggers throwing down nuggets to pay for a dram; of pipes lighted with a cheque; of sandwiches lined with banknotes. A favorite recreation of the digger on his pleasure trip was to get married. A bride was not difficult to discover, who permitted herself on short notice to be adorned with showy silks and driven in an equipage as fine as the circumstances permitted to a bridal which, in many cases, bound them together only during good pleasure."

Like many young towns of a type familiar in this country, Melbourne in 1855, though still a straggling village in the by-streets of which stumps of primeval trees were visible, had grandiose views of its immediate future. The Public Works department was housed in a shanty, and the Law Offices held sway in a vacant corn store; but high-sounding names of streets and buildings were rife, and a new Parliament House was planned on a scale so gorgeous that after forty years it is not yet finished. There was already a creditable Public Library building, stocked with a strange assortment of books that might, one fancies, have been selected by some humorous digger, of a bookish turn, by way of a joke on his unlettered fellow townsmen.

"The modern poets were represented by Samuel Rogers and a single poem of Tennyson's. The modern novelists stopped with Scott. . . . But the antiquities of Athens and Attica were abundantly represented. Three hundred volumes of Greek and Latin classics and the Book of Common Prayer in German, French, Italian, Greek, modern Greek, and Spanish; twelve volumes of the Bridgewater Treatises and their antithesis, Hobbes, in sixteen volumes were offered as refreshment to the weary."

These matters, of course, are mended in modern Melbourne, where the visiting stranger can now walk at will into the same building, and find himself "as conveniently provided with facilities for study as in the reading-room of the British Museum."

Of the humors of Australian political life, Sir Charles preserves a number of specimens which may be exemplified by the following brace of parliamentary stories.

"R. C. Aspinall was a great humorist, and everybody

could cite some happy *mots* of his, as notable for promptness as for felicity. He was addressing the House somewhat vaguely one evening, when a member of Cockney genesis interposed with a question to the Speaker, 'May I ask, sir, what is before the 'Ouse?' 'An H, I submit,' says Aspinall. . . . Dr. Evans said good things, but they were witty and wise rather than humorous. He was an old man, and it had become a familiar joke to speak of him as belonging to the era of Queen Anne. On some occasion when he referred to Queen Anne in a speech there were various cries of 'Did you know her? What was she like?' 'Yes, sir,' rejoined the Doctor, 'I did know her. The scholar is contemporary with all time.'

Sir Charles has judiciously leavened his account of his dual public career with a due admixture of reminiscences and pen-sketches of celebrities he has seen and known. Early on the list of these is Tom Moore, of whom the writer had a glimpse while employed on the Dublin "Register" late in the thirties. He had sat down to luncheon on a Sunday, and was summoned below by a message from a gentleman on urgent business.

"When I descended I found a little, middle-aged man, with a pleasant smile and lively eyes, but of a countenance far from comely, and so elaborately dressed that the primrose gloves which he wore did not seem out of harmony with the splendor of his attire. But my interest was awakened in an instant when he told me his name was Moore — Thomas Moore." He had come to ask for a proof of some words spoken the night before at the theatre on a universal call from the house. I knew the Irish melodies from boyhood. Later I had learned to taste the bitter-sweet of his political squibs, and revel in the veiled sedition of 'The Fireworshippers.' There was probably no one living I would have seen with more satisfaction, and he enjoyed my sympathy."

Sir Charles was returned as a member of the House of Commons in 1852, and his diary of that period furnishes some lively pen-portraits of notable colleagues.

"The most striking figure in the assembly was its official leader, Mr. Disraeli. In the front benches, crowded with Englishmen, for the most part bright complexioned and always punctiliously fresh in linen and visage, sat a man approaching fifty, with swarthy features and a complexion which had once been olive, on every lineament of which was written foreigner and alien. It was not an uncomely face, and far from unimpressive, but it was conspicuously un-English. Masculine will and undaunting purpose might be read, it seemed to me, in the firm mouth and strong jaw — gifts worth nearly all the rest in the art of governing men. He dressed in complete disregard of conventional prejudices. A Chancellor of the Exchequer in a plum-colored vest was a sight as perplexing to trim propriety as Roland's shoe-ties in the court of Louis XVI. And he cultivated on his chin an ornament rarely seen and little loved north of Calais, a goatee. . . . Some of his post-prandial *mots* steal out, and I should think make fatal enemies. Somebody asked him lately if Lord Robert M. was not a stupid ass. 'No, no,' said Benjamin, 'not at all; he is a clever ass.' . . . Mr. Gladstone was not yet the official leader of the Peelites, but he was the most

noteworthy of them, and attracted close observation. He was habitually grave, it seemed to me, and spoke as if he uttered oracles, yet he left the impression that his speeches were not only improvised, but that the process of adopting conclusion was not always complete when he rose to speak. But the vigor and grace of his rhetoric put criticism to flight. The House, which relished the *persiflage* of Palmerston, thought Gladstone too serious, and resented a little, I think, the subdued tone of contemptuous superiority in which he addressed the leader of the House. . . . Palmerston has a gay, *débonair* appearance, which finds much favor with the House, but on me he makes the impression of a play-actor cast in the part of a patriot statesman. Carlyle says he is a fitting leader for an age without sincerity or veracity."

We shall close our citations with the following caustic note of Sir Charles's "last look at the House of Lords" (1855) :

"There is as large a proportion of commonplace men as I have ever seen in any assembly of gentlemen — Lord Grey, far from inheriting the noble-domed forehead of his father, looks as he hobble along shrewd and ordinary — an attorney or land-agent; Lord Panmure, with his port wine complexion and costume of a *ci-devant jeune homme*, might be a retired stock-broker; the Duke of Newcastle, a wooden mediocrity without a ray of the divine light of intellect; Lord Derby looks like a Lord John Russell with a soul, but that makes a profound difference. . . . Lord Ellenborough spoke without force or fire; Lord Aberdeen like a Puritan preacher, he is highly respectable, solemn, and discontented. . . . Sir De Lacy Evans, the commander of the not too respectable Spanish brigade, is a noble, soldierly-looking man, whose profession immediately suggests itself; whereas Lord Hardinge, a great soldier, is nothing short of mean and ugly, and might pass for a Common Council man; and the Duke of Cambridge, illustrious by birth and courtesy, is big, brawny, and resembles a sergeant of dragoons."

The reader will find these two handsome volumes well freighted with matter of entertainment and information.

E. G. J.

NON-RELIGION IN THE FUTURE.*

Drelincourt once brought together two hundred and sixty-two hypotheses regarding sex which he demonstrated to be groundless, only to have Blumenbach characterize his own theory as the two hundred and sixty-third. So, when M. Guyau takes up the philosophical systems of his predecessors, each fondly believed by its author to contain the method by which all future thought is to be guided, curiosity is at once excited to see whether he will himself propose some similarly pretentious metaphysical panacea. This curiosity, to tell the truth, animates the reader quite to the final page of the com-

* THE NON-RELIGION OF THE FUTURE: A Sociological Study. By M. Guyau. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

pendious volume which he calls "The Non-Religion of the Future." When concluded, a feeling of admiration succeeds — admiration for the dexterity with which M. Guyau has permitted his own thought to be interpreted in terms of the others. If he escapes critical responsibility thereby, he also fails to outline a complete system of what, in his judgment, the world will come to accept instead of existing creeds. Though monism unquestionably makes the strongest appeal to the author in this regard, he does not hold it as containing the final word, but seems rather to believe that it will open a way for something conclusive.

Polemical as such a work must necessarily be, the construction of this is singularly likely to provoke controversy. Though simple in plan, every detail is certain to call forth objection, if not objurgation. M. Guyau is convinced that religion is doomed, that human progress is away from all faith, that time only is needed wherein to wean humankind from the churchly pabulum which has heretofore been, in all stages of its progress, its chief intellectual nourishment. He supports his assumption with much direct argument; but nothing of all that he adduces in this way is so impressive and so provocative of dissent as the self-satisfied manner in which he marshals the effects of vanished religion — upon the human world and all its components, the church, the state, the family, the man, the woman, the child — everything is examined in the light of his thesis and his conclusions set down in a detail which becomes too abundant. Then, having divested mankind of all these superfluities and superstitions, he unfolds, systematizes, and examines the philosophies capable of substitution : theism, atheism, pantheism, idealism, materialism, monism.

The book has for its secondary title "A Sociological Study," and it is a conception of deity as sociomorphic (a hideous word), rather than anthropomorphic, which appears to be its principal original contribution to a study of the religious question. M. Guyau shows an intimate acquaintance with many of the authorities, English and American as well as French and German, yet he omits mention of the late William Kingdon Clifford, whose unfinished essays on "The Scientific Basis of Morals" and kindred topics occupy substantially the same grounds as his own Introduction in attributing the origin of the gods and divine law to an extension of the social sense. "Religion was in the beginning nothing more than an imaginative extension of human society," says M.

Guyau. "In the highest natures the tribal self is incarnate in nothing less than humanity," says Clifford; and the statements indicate their agreements not less than their divergences. Both find a social origin for conscience — and both illustrate that trend of modern thought whereby sociology is taking to itself the pre-eminent position once occupied by theology as "Queen of the Sciences."

The development of the discussion involves the philosopher here in a consideration of the questions of the day. Socialism, commercialism, and fifty more "current topics," find place in our author's pages, and are made to fit skilfully into the mosaic which reflects his own views. In the population sense, he finds the one thing which he admits to be present in religion and absent from any of its possible substitutes; the fact that religion has already failed in this regard in his own France apparently not occurring to him. As successive chapters consider allied topics from various points of view, the book, from being contemporaneous becomes repetitious and discursive, the slender thread of its author's views being broken too often by the heavy matters he takes from others to hang to it.

Moreover, the book is frequently inaccurate in detail, however successfully it may set forth certain broad truths. What, for instance, can be made of such a judgment as this: "The ideas of Kant and Schelling, when they passed into America, gave birth to Emerson's and Parker's transcendentalism; Spencer's theory of evolution became, in America, a religion of Cosmism, as presented by Messrs. Fiske, Potter, and Savage"? The Ethical Culture movement is to M. Guyau "simply a great mutual aid temperance society," — a rather wild characterization, for which the translator is probably responsible. Yet he hastens to add that "it is certainly one of the forms of social activity which are destined to succeed ritualistic religions."

The fundamental objections to M. Guyau's general contention are two, one logical and one practical. Define religion as he will, he merely escapes from one definition to another in throwing from it the cloak of dogma. His invention of "non-religion" and "a-religion" cannot blind his readers to the fact that even in that term all that is "religious" in a very real sense — all that Clifford includes under the word "piety" — is retained. Even his climax, a statement of the ideal conditions which may be evoked in the non-religious society of the future, is based upon a theory of human love which is assuredly of the essence of theoretical Chris-

tianity. Here he depends upon his imagination — only to prove his own dictum that "imagination usually plays with loaded dice." In this consideration his boasted logic fails to hold together. On the other hand, he has neglected a practical method for testing his main hypothesis. France, he contends, is already non-religious, especially in respect of its men of affairs. Would it not have been more profitable, to theologians, sociologists, and philosophers generally, if he had told us what the trend of thought is there, as a matter of fact, rather than to speculate upon what it is going to be throughout the world, as a matter of conjecture? M. Guyau permits himself to examine successively the metaphysical systems from which he believes the substitute for religion will arise, in the midst of a society which his context discloses as swayed by a multitude of considerations; and never a metaphysical one among them. Does not the simple statement of his ideal carry with it its own refutation? The curse of labor being upon us, can the human race as a whole ever look forward to a calm and equitable life under the bland light of abstract reasoning? "There are no lacunæ in the human soul, it is a prey to invincible continuity," he says, profoundly enough. But in all the panorama, from the "sociomorphism" of the present to the metaphysical contentment of a vastly remote future, does he not assume a breach of continuity? Is there not before the student a condition of affairs in France to-day which is equally aloof from M. Guyau's "religion" and "non-religion"? — a literal solution of the continuity he seeks for his programme?

It is not unlikely that many of the difficulties which oppress the reader of this work are due to the translation. Hardly a page remains unmarred by solecisms and sentences so entangled that a guess at their meaning is all that is left. It would seem as if there had been a collaboration — some person not too familiar with French being assisted by some one lacking in English. Open the book at random, and one will find such a mixture as this: "They [the Jesuits] have even been accused of whispering to advice for the preservation of certain inheritances" (p. 328). "What the Germans call the 'heart of nature'" comes to be, in its passage from French to English, an Irish bull. Money, thermometric degrees, and the like, are indicated by figures alone, leaving it wholly indeterminate what standard is intended. In proper names there is nothing short of an orgy: "Servetius"

(twice), "Sakia Mouni," "Javeh," "the Rev. Adams," "St. Antoine (*sic*) went into the desert," are a few examples taken from a long page of notes made in the reading.

WALLACE DE GROOT RICE.

HITTELL'S HISTORY OF CALIFORNIA.*

Enough "History of California" to satisfy the most enthusiastic dwellers by the Golden Gate is given in Mr. Theodore H. Hittell's four thick octavo volumes that together foot up 3460 pages. This unreasonable voluminousness is due to the introduction of matter that is either foreign to the subject or is of too little consequence to justify its introduction into a State history; or to pure prolixity. The relations of California to the Union in the Civil War is an interesting topic, for example, and should be fully and clearly stated in such a work; but no possible reason can be assigned for giving a comparatively full account of the whole Civil War. What the "Battle above the Clouds" and "Sheridan's Ride" have to do with the history of California, it would be hard to say; but here they are, nevertheless. Another kind of bad judgment is illustrated by the introduction into the final chapter of an account, a page and a half in length, of the attempt that was made to induce the legislature of California to buy Mr. Hubert H. Bancroft's books and manuscripts, which is characterized in no kindly terms. Delicate professional feeling, as well as sense of proportion, would have suggested that the incident be omitted altogether or be relegated to a brief foot-note.

The impression made by the external features of the work is confirmed by its internal ones. It is a ponderous performance. The author piles up facts, gathered from a vast number of sources, with great zeal and industry, mountain high; but the book is heavy reading. Open it anywhere you please, and you are struck by its ponderousness. Nor is it the matter alone that makes the book heavy; in fact, matter and manner are very well suited to each other. The style is generally laborious. The result is that the reader who goes through the work will be carried along by his own interest in the subject, or in the matter, not by the writer's skill. Such a reader may find the long way attractive, but not because he is beguiled by the historian's art.

It is almost unnecessary to say that Califor-

*HISTORY OF CALIFORNIA. By Theodore H. Hittell. In four volumes. San Francisco: N. J. Stone & Co.

nia offers to the historian an extensive and an attractive field. It embraces interesting elements of the most varied character, extending from the time of Hernando Cortez to the time of Senator Hearst. Here are sections bearing such headings as "Early Voyages," "The Jesuits," "The Franciscans," "Early Mining," "The Spanish Governors," "The Mexican Governors"; and it is needless to say that they are very inviting, especially when considered in the two environments furnished by nature and history. All these subjects, and others too, the author has investigated with much care and thoroughness; he has made a valuable contribution to fact or information; and it is to be regretted that he was unable to work his material, or rather so much of it as he should have used, into a more attractive form.

Different classes of readers will find the centre of interest in different parts of the work; but the ordinary reader, we hazard little in saying, will find it in those chapters that present the series of events that led up to the American occupation and conquest of California in 1846-7, and its admission to the Union three years later. When everything is taken into account, these events are hardly second in romantic interest to any others in our national history, and it must be said, in justice to Mr. Hittell, that he has given us a very full account of them.

The Spaniards in California, like Spaniards in other parts of America, were thoroughly jealous of foreigners. Especially, the Spanish authorities on the Coast, like the Spanish authorities in Louisiana in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, had a premonition of what the coming of the American meant. Curiously enough, too, the story opens in California with the publication, in 1796, of the treaty of San Lorenzo, which put the old quarrels between the two countries in relation to boundaries and the use of the Mississippi in the way of settlement. "Towards the end of the same year," our author tells us, "the ship 'Otter,' of Boston, Captain Ebenezer Dorr, the first American vessel that visited California, ran into Monterey and surreptitiously left a few of its sailors, some foreigners and some English." The Spanish governor, after utilizing these sailors in various ways for a time, sent them out of the country. The impression prevailed that American vessels which came to the Coast were engaged in contraband trade; and this impression Mr. Hittell thinks was probably well founded. On that ground, at least, the second ship to arrive,

which was in 1799, was compelled to leave without delay. And, generally speaking, we may say that from this time on the American and the Spaniard were at a point of friction on the Pacific Coast as well as in the Gulf of Mexico, although for many years the more distant point attracted little or no attention, owing in great part to the absorbing interest with which the nearer one was regarded. Ominously enough, however, the century closed with "considerable talk of an American invasion — that is, of an attempt by the rising young giant on the other side of the continent to take not only California, but all New Spain." It was not until 1823 that an American was allowed to settle in the country. The first American business house was established in 1824. The first American party to arrive overland came in 1826, and seems to have been the result of an accident, as follows:

"Towards the end of 1826 the Californians were astonished by the appearance in their country of the first party of Americans that came overland. This was a small company of hunters and trappers, under the command of Captain Jedediah S. Smith, of the firm of Smith, Jackson, & Soubrette. They had been authorized by the United States Executive to hunt and trade in the territories west of the Rocky Mountains, and had established their headquarters on the eastern side of Salt Lake. In August they had left Salt Lake on a hunting and trapping excursion, and, travelling southward, had at length found themselves in a desert country near the Colorado River, and in great want of subsistence for themselves and horses. Being five hundred miles from Salt Lake and less than three hundred from the mission of San Gabriel in California, they determined to proceed to the latter place, and finally arrived there, very much exhausted. Immediately upon their arrival, Smith addressed a letter to Governor Echeandia, then at San Diego, describing their situation and necessities. Echeandia answered by ordering Smith to appear at that place and give an account of himself and of his reasons for coming to the country. Smith did so; but his story seems to have been doubted. He then appealed to a number of ships' captains who were at that port; and they joined in a written declaration to the effect that they believed his account, and that his only object in visiting the country was such as he had stated."

Smith is said to have lost his life while attempting to make his way back to Salt Lake. The visit was a very unwelcome one, and increased the growing tension between the Californians and the Americans. But there was no resisting the inevitable; the American population continued slowly to increase. Shortly after Smith's departure a report was circulated that the United States were about to take California, as they had already taken Florida. From this time until the end the action becomes more and more accelerated and more and more interesting. With the breaking out of the Mexican

War, Fremont, Sloat, and Stockton came, and California passed from the keeping of the Mexican to that of the American, as it had before passed from the Spaniard to the Mexican. But we cannot follow the story.

Full of information as the book is, it must depend mainly upon State patriotism for its circulation. The author has facilitated the work of those who wish to consult his volumes (which is sure to be a much larger class than those who actually read them) by furnishing a full index as well as an ample table of contents.

B. A. HINSDALE.

RECENT HISTORICAL FICTION.*

It would be instructive to compare Mr. E. F. Benson's "The Vintage," a romance of the Greek War of Independence, with the romance of the Greek writer Xenos, recently reviewed by us, dealing with the same theme. One might reasonably suppose that the advantage would be almost wholly with the novelist who was writing of the great period of his own national history, and that the best any Englishman could do would be to produce a pale and colorless reflection of the stirring events of the years concerned. Yet the result is all the other way, for the Greek romancer is so oppressed by the weight

* THE VINTAGE. A Romance of the Greek War of Independence. By E. F. Benson. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE SON OF THE CZAR. An Historical Romance. By James M. Graham. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

A TSAR'S GRATITUDE. By Fred Whishaw. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

SECRETARY TO BAYNE, M.P. A Novel. By W. Pett Ridge. New York: Harper & Brothers.

SHEREWSBURY. A Romance. By Stanley J. Weyman. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

SIMON DALE. By Anthony Hope. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

BELEAGUERED. A Story of the Uplands of Baden in the Seventeenth Century. By Herman T. Koerner. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ACROSS THE SALT SEAS. A Romance of the War of Succession. By John Bloundelle-Burton. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co.

SPANISH JOHN. By William McLennan. New York: Harper & Brothers.

AN ENEMY TO THE KING. By R. N. Stephens. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

FOR PRINCE AND PEOPLE. A Tale of Old Genoa. By E. K. Sanders. New York: The Macmillan Co.

VIVIAN OF VIRGINIA. By Hulbert Fuller. Boston: Lamson, Wolff & Co.

FREE TO SERVE. A Tale of Colonial New York. By E. Rayner. Boston: Copeland & Day.

KING WASHINGTON. A Romance of the Hudson Highlands. By Adelaide Skeel and William H. Brearley. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

FOR LOVE OF COUNTRY. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

CHALMETTE. By Clinton Ross. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

of his information and the stress of his emotion that artistic grasp is denied him, whereas the English novelist with adequate literary training, backed by the continuous tradition of good fiction-writing which is his birthright, succeeds in making from his alien point of view a stronger and in every way finer treatment of the subject. The work of Xenos, hurrying from detail to detail, is weighted down to the level of a chronicle, while the work of Mr. Benson, who knows how to select and arrange, rises to the level of serious and impressive art. The English writer does not even have to rely upon the names and events which are in themselves an element of strength, so deep are the associations they bear; he tells us nothing of Marcos Botsaris or of Misolonghi or of Navarino, and yet he makes us feel to the full the heroic passion of the struggle. The chief historical episode of this romance is the siege and fall of Tripoli, and to this climax the events lead up with ever-accumulating interest. The well-chosen figure of speech embodied in the title of the book is kept in mind throughout, yet not made obtrusive, being relegated to section-headings and chance phrases rather than made a theme for rhetorical amplifications. "The Vintage" is much the best piece of work that Mr. Benson has thus far done, and for its sake we may well forgive him for his "Dodo" and other futilities.

"The Son of the Czar" is a long historical romance of early eighteenth century Russia, and has for its chief characters Peter the Great and his unhappy son Alexis. The exact period is that of the beginnings of the new capital upon the marshy shores of the Neva, and the book is essentially a depiction of the great struggle of the radical emperor with the bigoted conservatism of his semi-barbarous people. The instincts of Peter were so entirely right that they go far to condone the brutalities that marked his policy, and we cannot greatly blame a writer of historical fiction for idealizing his character and to a certain extent justifying the means that he was forced to employ for the furtherance of his great ends. Historians have been apt to regard his treatment of Alexis as one of the darkest blots upon his fame, but as the relation is presented to us by Mr. Graham, Alexis got no more than his despicable character and treacherous devices fairly earned for him. If this presentation of Peter as an essentially wise and humane ruler be colored by too much hero-worship, it is made for the time almost convincing by the eloquence of the writer. It is evident, also, that Mr. Graham, has been a minute student of his subject, for his book has a great deal of historical actuality, and never descends to the level of rhetorical commonplace. It is, moreover, self-consistent, and its chief artistic defect results from the author's inability to make an orderly array of so great a store of information.

The nihilists are just now having their innings again in fiction. Mr. Fred Whishaw's "A Tsar's Gratitude" is a story which begins with the engagement at Inkermann, and ends with an unsuccessful

attempt to assassinate Alexander II. As far as machinery goes, it is much the same sort of story that we have read many times before. The conspirators live in the same atmosphere of secrecy and terrorism, and are invested with the same uncanny power to control the machinery of state — up to a certain point — in the interest of their dastardly aims. The hero is an officer in the Russian army who, through no fault of his own, incurs the disfavor of the Tsar, but whose loyalty remains unshaken through trials that would almost justify him in revolt. When he eventually saves his ruler's life at the risk of his own, the Tsar's gratitude becomes as generous as his previous ingratitude had been unworthy, and the story thus justifies its title, while coming to a happy conclusion. It is written in a rather dull style, and bears a good deal of skipping.

Mr. Pett Ridge's "Secretary to Bayne, M. P." deals only indirectly with Russian affairs, since its scene is laid mainly in London, and its nihilists are ruffians of a rather cheap description. It is the story of a Prince of Galimada, who goes to London incognito to see the world, and also to discover the whereabouts of one Olga Netroff, whom he loves. The girl turns out to be implicated, innocently enough, in certain nihilist conspiracies, and in his endeavor to get her away from her criminal environment, the Prince barely escapes with his own life. The story, which ends happily, is told with considerable animation, and provides a very satisfactory sort of entertainment.

Mr. Weyman's "Shrewsbury" is a historical romance of which the scene is laid in the England of William III., and which has for its central episode the attempt of Sir John Fenwick and his fellow-conspirators to assassinate the great champion of civil liberties and the Protestant faith. It is a very long romance, which fact will delight all lovers of the species who are acquainted — as who of them are not? — with the other inventions of this fascinating writer. We notice in this book what we noticed in "My Lady Rotha," a tendency so to enlarge the scale and scope of a romance as to obscure the pattern, and make it somewhat difficult for readers to view the performance as a symmetrical whole. For clearness of outline and unity of plan, Mr. Weyman's slighter early books were better than the more ambitious ones he has produced of late. Still, we have read "Shrewsbury" with much satisfaction, despite the fact that the hero (who tells the story) is little short of a knave and nothing short of a coward. Among the historical characters introduced, we have Fenwick, the notorious Ferguson, Godolphin, Marlborough, and the King, and altogether the book offers us a vivid picture of the troublous times when the Protestant succession was still in question, besides abounding in stirring incidents and hair-breadth escapes.

Mr. "Anthony Hope" takes us some score of years further back in English history when we open the pages of "Simon Dale," for the chronicler of imaginary royalties and principalities has at last

come to the historical novel pure and simple, and given us a story of the Restoration that proves unfailing in its power to excite and sustain the interest, although its audacities of invention at times take away the breath. The infamous Treaty of Dover affords the chief subject-matter of this romance, and the incognito presence of the Roi Soleil at the place of negotiation gives the hero an opportunity for dealing with him in the most surprising manner. The treatment to which he is subjected in the "Vicomte de Bragelonne" is no more startling than that which he is made to endure at the hands of the bold and sturdy Simon, who not only talks to him in the "cheekiest" fashion at Dover, but actually gets him alone in an open boat, and exacts from him an unwilling compliance at the pistol's muzzle. The affections of this audacious hero are divided between the high-born lady whom he rescues from the net of royal intrigue into which she has fallen, and the well-known favorite, Nell Gwynne, of whom the novelist draws so engaging a portrait that we cannot help liking her better than the proper heroine of the romance. We are glad, on the whole, that Mr. Hawkins has sold his fancy into captivity to the facts of history, for we have no fear that his work will suffer from a too slavish adherence to them, and it is, after all, better to dwell upon the solid ground of the actual than in cloud-built towers and gorgeous palaces that never had any real existence.

We should judge Mr. Herman Koerner to be a novice in the writing of romantic fiction. "*Beleaguered*" is a story that drags considerably and displays slight inventive resource. Given a fortified town in the early Thirty Years War, held by the imperialists and besieged by the Swedes, given also a heroic defender and a lovely maiden, most of the details follow as a matter of course. There is a great deal of fighting in the book, besides minor adventures and intrigues, but a certain stiffness of manner pervades the whole production and prevents it from being at all inspiring.

"*Across the Salt Seas*," by Mr. John Bloundelle-Burton, is a story of the War of the Spanish Succession. An English soldier is entrusted with a secret mission to Spain, which results in the capture of a fleet of treasure-ships that are expected to furnish the depleted Spanish treasury. The action of the romance takes place for the most part upon Spanish soil, and concerns about equally the English soldier already mentioned and a young Spaniard who becomes his companion in arms and devoted friend. It afterwards transpires that the Spaniard is a woman in disguise. There can be only one way out of such a complication. The book is a good one of its sort, crammed with exciting episodes, and wrapped in the atmosphere of romance.

Mr. McLennan's "*Spanish John*" is a romance of the Pretender and the expedition of 1745. The hero is a youth who is sent to Rome to be educated for the priesthood, but who finds soldiering much more to his taste, and joins the Spanish troops then campaigning in Italy. After some very good fight-

ing at Velletri, he is sent to Scotland on a secret mission in behalf of Prince Charlie, and has so exciting a series of experiences that not until the end is reached do we recall, with a sort of pained surprise, the fact that we have been reading a book without a love-story. The style of the narrative is crisp and vigorous, and a remarkable power of realizing the life of the period is displayed. This power has since been explained, we regret to say, in a way not creditable to the author. A contributor to "*The Bookman*" has unearthed, in a Canadian periodical of the early part of this century, a certain "*Narrative*" upon which it becomes only too evident that Mr. McLennan has drawn, not merely for his incidents, but for his descriptions and his very phraseology. It seems to be a clear case of pilfering, which is naturally bad for Mr. McLennan's reputation, although it does not make his book any the less readable and remarkable.

The character of Henry of Navarre is rightly a favorite with the romantic novelist, and few periods of history offer material so fascinating as that which deals with the great struggle between Henry and the League. Mr. R. N. Stephens, in "*An Enemy to the King*" deals with this material once more, and tells, after the strictly conventional pattern, of a young scion of an impoverished house who starts out to see the world, after the fashion of Artagnan or Sigognac, and learns to the full the meaning of fierce wars and faithful loves. He gets into the thick of events at once, for his first day in Paris is marked by an encounter with Bussy d'Amboise, and not long thereafter he wins the favor of Marguerite, who helps him to escape the vengeance of Guise and the Queen-Mother, and despatches him to Béarn with a letter to her princely consort. From this time on, his days are filled with exciting occurrences, and he permits no earlier hero of romance to outdo him in deeds of valor and chivalry. It is the sort of story that we have read many times before, and is quite as good as the similar inventions of Mr. Weyman and his confreres. We welcome Mr. Stephens to the ranks of our entertainers in this sort, and hope to hear from him again.

"*For Prince and People*," by Mr. E. K. Sanders, is a story of old Genoa and the tyranny of the Doria. The conspiracy of Fieschi is the real subject of the narrative, and the treatment given it follows closely the lines laid down by the early romantic drama of Schiller. The book is not particularly noteworthy, but it is a painstaking piece of workmanship, and we have read it with a certain degree of satisfaction.

American novelists are learning to draw more and more upon the store of romantic material provided by our own annals, and the work of historical societies and other organizations for the preservation and publication of what bibliographers call *Americana* is bearing abundant fruit in the form of historical fiction. In "*Vivian of Virginia*," Mr. Hubert Fuller tells of Bacon's Rebellion, and draws full-length portraits of that popular leader as well as of his grim antagonist, Governor Berkeley, whose

hatred of schools and printing, expressed in a frequently-quoted passage, has preserved his memory better than all the acts of the years when, "drest in a little brief authority," he played the petty despot in his Colony. The hero of the romance is a soldier who has been fighting under Churchill in Flanders, and now, thrown on the world without employment, welcomes an opportunity to embark for the plantations, and cast in his lot with the Virginians. The story of his share in Bacon's Rebellion, and of his conquest of the fair and high-spirited maiden who engages his affections, is told in the regulation manner, and to much the effect of the countless similar romances dealing with old-world themes that have come to our attention during the past ten years. It is a pretty tale, and has a considerable historical interest as well.

Miss Rayner's "Free to Serve" takes us somewhat out of the beaten track in historical fiction, being the story of a well-born English girl who, through the contemptible conduct of a worthless brother, is brought to America to be sold in New York as a bond-servant. Her services are purchased by a substantial Dutch burgher, whose manorial estate far up the Hudson is the scene of the greater part of the romance, and whose two sons become rivals for the love of the young woman who by so fortunate a circumstance falls in their way. The book is a long one, packed with incident, and made of unusual value by its strong delineation of the several characters concerned, as well as by its vivid presentation of the condition of life in the Colony of New York. The time of action is set at the very beginning of the eighteenth century.

The story of "King Washington" is based upon an episode in the life of our first President during the period that followed the surrender at Yorktown, when Clinton was still in command in New York, and Washington was keeping watch at Newburgh. This romance weaves together into a well-constructed narrative the historical incident of the Nicola letter, with its insulting suggestion that the American leader should assume the royal title, and an imaginary plot, instigated by Prescott, to kidnap him and deliver him up to the British army. The active agent in this plot is a woman of mixed French and Indian blood, disguised as a boy, whom Prescott has promised to make his wife should the conspiracy prove successful. Under the name of Louis Paschal this woman gains the confidence of Washington and his circle, the plot failing of success only by accident at the critical juncture. A pretty love-story, concerning a blunt straightforward American officer and the charming daughter of one of the conspirators, lends an additional touch of romantic interest to the situation. The story is very well worked out, with much effective use of antiquarian material, and illustrated by photographs of the scenes and historic houses which come within the scope of the work.

The Archdeacon of Pennsylvania has written a stirring "story of land and sea in the days of the Revolution"—the American Revolution, that is—

and entitled it "For Love of Country." There is some good sea-fighting under Paul Jones and other commanders, a graphic description of the crossing of the Delaware and the subsequent campaign of Trenton and Princeton, and the inevitable love-story with its inevitably happy ending. Historically, the author knows whereof he writes, and has taken no unwarrantable liberties with the facts. His sea-pictures are especially well done, which is a not unnatural consequence of the author's early training in the naval service of the United States. Altogether, the book is clean, wholesome, and spirited, and deserves well of the public.

"Chalmette," by Mr. Clinton Ross, is a romance of the days and events leading up to the Battle of New Orleans. Its hero is a young Virginian officer under Jackson's leadership, and the plot is chiefly concerned with Lafitte and his nest of Baratarian pirates who prove an effective factor in the furthering of the American cause. The manner of narration is jerky and episodical, making the drift of the work somewhat difficult to catch, a defect partly atoned for by the bits of vivid dramatic action occurring now and then. One cannot help feeling that Mr. Ross is better qualified to write for the stage than for the reading public, and that his work adds to its natural demands upon the ear an unwonted demand upon the imaginative eye of the observer.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

Outlines of a new critical method. Mr. John M. Robertson, in his "New Essays toward a Critical Method" (Lane) makes a suggestive and valuable contribution to critical literature, although the outlines of the "general critical method" which he claims to have developed are not very easy to trace. These outlines are to be looked for mainly in the introductory chapter on "The Theory and Practice of Criticism," since the special chapters that follow are admitted to antedate by ten years or more the complete formulation of the writer's critical system. Mr. Robertson is distinctly wedded to the view that criticism may be raised to the scientific plane, wherein he has our hearty approval, and his condemnation of the subjective and impressionist writing that passes for criticism is well-considered and well-stated, although it amounts in our opinion to little more than slaying the slain. His observations, also, concerning his predecessors among the practitioners of scientific criticism are acute and logical. He not only pays his respects to such well-known men as Sainte-Beuve and Taine and Brunetière, but also calls our attention to less familiar discussions of critical technique by Hennequin and Droz and E. S. Dallas. But when we seek the formulation of his own ideas, we find little beyond a modified acceptance of Taine's fundamental principles coupled with suggestions traceable to Sainte-Beuve and

Hennequin, and supplemented by an insistence upon the primary necessity that the critic should allow for his own personal equation. It is under this latter head that the author says his best things, and every critic who takes his business seriously would do well to mark and inwardly digest the following passage: "As regards his limitations and his antipathies he can only partially take precaution, and this only by a kind of discipline which few are ready to practice. In sum, it consists in carefully studying all the cases of wide appreciation in which he cannot feel with the many, and carefully estimating the calibre of the judgments with which he cannot agree. Suppose it be that he does not readily enjoy or admire Cervantes, or Calderon, or Schiller, or Hugo, or Browning, or Dickens, or Tolstoi, each of whom has won very high, and some very general, praise, to ask himself narrowly whether he has missed the excellences on which it dwells, to consider the training, the bias, the cast of mind of those who bestow it, and then, if he thinks he fairly can, to explain it in terms of the prejudice, or limitation, or deficient culture of the admirers; or, if he cannot, to seek *objectively* for the merits which delight them, and to note them as forms of effect to which he is but slightly susceptible." It is this method of collation and diagnosis of expert opinion that Mr. Robertson would have the critic pursue, and an application of this method (although imperfect for the reason above stated) is what we find in the essays on Poe, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, Burns, and Clough, that fill out his volume. We by no means agree with all of the conclusions reached concerning these poets, and think that their unsoundness might in not a few instances be traced to a lack of the very method which Mr. Robertson admits was not framed until after their formulation, but there is not space to pursue this inquiry into detail. We think that a grave injustice is done Mr. Stedman in saying that, in his work done for the definitive edition of Poe, he "passed from his older attitude of sympathy to that of a pseudo-judical animus." It is to Professor Woodberry that this animus must be attributed rather than to his senior colleague. And we mark a discrepancy that calls for correction in two notes upon the untimely death of Hennequin. One of them informs us that he died in the summer of 1888, the other in the spring of 1889.

A pleasant narrative, but not history.

The day is happily past when pleasantly-written narrative, with little regard to accuracy of facts, could pass as history. The writer who, when taken to task for the errors of his work, pompously replied, "So much the worse for the facts," has been superseded in public estimation. Miss Edith Sichel, author of "The Household of the Lafayettes" (Macmillan), might succeed better as a writer of romance than of history. She has imagination and an entertaining style, but her work cannot meet the fundamental requirement of a history — accuracy as to

facts. How much faith can be put in the story of the Lafayette family, as told by a writer who errs grievously regarding the most important facts of the revolutionary history of France? To enumerate briefly: Miss Sichel would find it hard to name any French *Republicans* of 1788 (p. 100); Barnave was not a Girondist; Mirabeau was not the one to christen the States General the National Assembly (p. 107); Talleyrand was a bishop, not an abbot (p. 113); Mirabeau was not "a democrat among democrats from May until the end of October," 1789, nor did he "proclaim the necessity of restoring an executive" (p. 118) only after that time: he was consistently in favor of a strong executive. The author knows next to nothing of political grouping or the nature of the Terror government. The Girondist party was not a party of the National Assembly (p. 133); the Committee of Public Safety did not exist as early as the autumn of 1792 (p. 162); the Revolutionary tribunal was established prior to the Committee of Public Safety, and not after it (p. 179); the Convention did not proscribe the Catholic faith (p. 193): that was the work of the commune; England did not declare war on France in 1792 (p. 194), but France declared war on England; the Dantonists were not executed "at the close of the month" (March, 1794), as stated (p. 195), but on April 6; Napoleon was not recalled from Egypt by a secret letter, but, in the exchange of prisoners between him and Sir Sidney Smith, the English commander, some French newspapers fell into his hands, which apprised him of the political condition in France; Pichegru was not beheaded (p. 296), but was strangled. These are positive errors of fact. Examples of unripe judgment and childish enthusiasm abound. One might know very nearly what to expect of a writer who introduces her book by such a statement as this: "Angels are few and far between. It is almost incredible to find a whole band of them, especially a band living together and tied to each other by blood. Yet this improbable conception is realized by the De Noailles" (p. 27). If it were not so pitiable, we might laugh at the assertion that Cornwallis was "at last forced into Yorktown by the skill of Lafayette" (p. 75); that the French Bill of Rights was similar to the English Petition of Rights; that Lafayette was a "hero of chivalry" in the events of the 5th and 6th of October, 1789; that Mirabeau was jealous of Lafayette — a statement which reminds one of the fable of the ox and the fly. Lesser errors here and there throughout the book betray the fact that the author has little knowledge of the institutions of the times she has attempted to portray. She uses the word "intendant" when "baillif" is meant (p. 7); she speaks of the *jeunesse dorée* before 1789, although a knowledge of the Revolution ought to have taught her that that term has a special historical significance (p. 7); she speaks of the Parlements of Paris, and even, English as she is, talks of the Petition of Rights. But

it were ungracious to continue criticism of a book whose errors glare at us from every page ; and even the vivacity of the style and the numerous anecdotes cannot redeem "The Household of the Layfayettes" to history.

A noteworthy contribution to medical literature.

No evidence of the insufficiency of the average medical school in this country is so convincing as the character of the medical literature put forth. American medical journals are almost as numerous as the leaves on the trees, and of medical books we produce a plenty ; but he is a bold man who will presume to find in this mass of literature the patient study of cases, the scientific accuracy of statement, and the wide range of observation, that characterize the best foreign medical literature. In "Operative Gynecology," of which Volume I. has just been issued from the press of Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., Dr. Howard A. Kelly, of the Johns Hopkins University, has taken a long stride ahead. He has produced a book in surgical gynecology that will take rank at once in this specialty with the work of Schröder, Martin, Zweifel, and Veit, in Germany ; of Pozzi and Péan, in France ; and of Sir Spencer Wells, in England. Dr. Kelly is still a young man, but he has already achieved an international reputation, and the originality of his book tells why. It is the record of the author's own practice, showing on every page not only a quick and keen observation of facts, but that ability to discriminate, to sift, and to select, which is the true scientific spirit. The record covers an experience of eighteen years, during the last nine of which Dr. Kelly has been gynecologist-in-chief to the Johns Hopkins Hospital, in Baltimore. What is especially pleasing in this latest production of the Johns Hopkins Medical School is its conservative tone. It is the day of gynecology. Allured by the prospects of quick rewards in fame and money, young men of all degrees of shortcoming in medical training and experience, and of all sorts of moral consciousness, are rushing into this specialty. It has become the by-word of the medical profession that too many of them are only too ready to operate. We believe that the comparative safety of abdominal surgery which has been brought about by the knowledge of asepsis in modern surgical technique is a great boon to suffering women, but we have no hesitation in saying that operative gynecology is carried too far everywhere. It is often a meddlesome interference, based upon ignorance of natural conditions, and wholly mischievous in its moral consequences. We hope and trust that the conservative and conscientious attitude of so distinguished a gynecologist as Dr. Kelly will stay the tide of excessive operations on women. The illustrations of this book are superb. There are more than six hundred of them, all original ; surely no medical work, certainly no American medical work, has ever before been so finely illustrated. The chapter on the topographical anatomy of the abdomen, which is simply a clear description of a series of beautiful

pictures, is a revelation as to what art can do to illuminate surgery. No surgeon can hereafter afford to be ignorant of this admirable piece of work. The execution of the book throughout reflects honor upon American printing, and the publishers are to be congratulated upon an imprint which is at least as perfect as care and skill and taste can produce. Each volume (Volume II. will appear very shortly) is separately indexed, in five sections, — an index of plates, of illustrations, of cases from the literature, of cases from the Johns Hopkins Hospital, and a general index.

The great age of Spanish literature.

"The Later Renaissance," by Mr. David Hannay, is a volume in the series called "Periods of European Literature" (Scribner). It is the second to be published, but stands sixth in the chronological order. It is chiefly concerned with the literatures of England and Spain, although short chapters are devoted to those of France and Italy. In the case of Spain, the author has practically dealt with the whole of the great age of Spanish literature, overlapping in both directions the period assigned to him. The importance of thus treating Spanish literature as a whole seemed to outweigh the reasons for dividing it up among three or four volumes by different hands. "Spain suspended the anarchy of her middle ages at the end of the fifteenth century, gathered force, burst upon the world with the violence of a Turkish invasion, flourished for a space, and then sank exhausted at the end of a hundred and fifty years." The literary manifestations of this energy were no less remarkable than the others, and the intellectual movement as a whole has a unity that demands continuous treatment. Still, the reasons for treating as a whole the English drama of the Elizabethan and Jacobean periods are no less cogent ; yet the volume before us breaks off with Shakespeare, leaving most of his great contemporaries to be taken up in another work and by another writer. Mr. Hannay is at his best in dealing with the literature of Spain, and his treatment of the other literatures of the time (even the English) seems perfunctory in comparison. Certain defects of sympathy appear now and then, as in the estimate of such men as Camoens and Gracian ; but the book as a whole offers an exhibition of temperate judgment and reasonably attractive presentation.

Some criticism, literary and otherwise.

A little book on the "Elements of Literary Criticism" (Harper), by Mr. Charles F. Johnson, may be recommended to young readers (and some older ones) as a readable, and in the main trustworthy, analysis of the elements that make up good literature and as a guide to the acquisition of correct taste. The author subdivides his theme, after a preliminary discussion of the principle of unity in literary composition, into the special topics of characterization, philosophy, and the musical, phrasal, descriptive, and emotional powers. There is much good sense in what he says upon these subjects, and

much apposite illustration of his several propositions. The book is marred now and then by a critical judgment that is not easily defensible, as when it is suggested that Hugo and Tolstoi may possibly be ranked with the great "illuminated intellects" of literature, with Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe; or when Byron is called a "magnificent artist," which is precisely what Byron was not. Nor does one often in a good book come across so misleading and unfair a characterization as that of Rossetti, described as "a man who believes that the world of Dante's day is preferable to the world of to-day, who has apparently never heard of the discovery of the conservation of energy nor of the main outlines of evolution, and who thinks the form of a chair or the pattern of a brocade more important and interesting than the struggle of humanity towards higher things." Such a passage as this is a solemn warning of the dangers that attend the cultivation of rhetoric without knowledge.

*A loving
memorial to
Miss Rossetti.*

The "biographical and critical study" of Christina Rossetti which we owe to the sympathetic and industrious labors of Mr. Mackenzie Bell makes a sizable volume of over four hundred pages (Roberts), illustrated with portraits and facsimiles of the greatest interest, and supplied with a bibliography by Mr. J. P. Anderson of the British Museum. We have no doubt that the preparation of this book has been to the author, as he says, a "peculiar pleasure," and that he has spared no pains to make it an accurate presentation of the noble woman and great poet to whose memory it is dedicated. Loving care and sympathy are evident upon every page, as well as a degree of scrupulousness in the statement of exact fact that verges upon pedantry. We wish that we might go beyond this tribute of respect, and commend the volume as a piece of good writing and adequate criticism; but this is frankly impossible. The limitations of the writer, both as critic and biographer, are too painfully apparent to permit of such praise, and it must be said that his portrait bears about the same relation to the portrait which we hope sometime to possess of Christina Rossetti that is borne by a Denner to a Rembrandt. The markings are all given with photographic accuracy, but the character is somehow missing. Nevertheless, the book is welcome, and we could not well dispense with it, although it does little to assist us in comprehension of the rare and beautiful spirit exhaled from these poems that constitute one of the chief glories of our Victorian literature.

*A true primer
of psychology.*

Text-books, like other things, are liable to the charge of being seldom (or at least not so frequently as is desirable) what they seem. Many a primer is simply a congested mass of facts, in which terseness or inaccuracy increases difficulties with no other compensation than a decrease in the number of pages. Professor Titchener's "Primer of Psychology"

(Macmillan) offers a bright contrast to this not uncommon type. It is a true primer, or first book, of psychology, and is well fitted to make these first steps attractive to earnest students. It does not pretend to be a royal road to learning, but counts upon the increase of interest as well of ability which comes only from continued effort; but it directs that effort wisely and well. It is broad in treatment, covering a large part of the domain of modern psychology; but it covers it in a way suitable to the beginner's understanding. It utilizes the daily experiences of our mental life; supplements these by the more direct and forcible results of experimentation, and further imbues them with living interest by the introduction of evolutionary, of social, and of literary illustrations. It is true that it reflects as well the unsettled condition of many questions in psychology; and the reader is honestly made aware of the fact that he is frequently reading the views of Professor Titchener rather than a consensus of psychological opinion. But this is inevitable, and does little harm. In brief, the work combines so many of the possible virtues of a primer, and avoids so many of the much larger number of possible vices, that it may be most cordially recommended as an unusually able and practical beginner's book in psychology.

*McCarthy's
"French
Revolution."*

The second and concluding volume of Mr. Justin McCarthy's "French Revolution" (Harper) opens with the events immediately succeeding the Fall of the Bastile and ends with the close of the Constituent Assembly. The events of this period are given in an orderly narration, and though there is a tendency to drag in unimportant details, the author, in his accustomed journalistic style, has drawn a vivid picture of the times. Two chapters, one on the newspapers of the period and one on the more important clubs, give interesting information not generally found in short histories of the French Revolution. The treatment of the character and influence of Marie Antoinette, while fully recognizing those qualities which made her so unpopular, is distinctly sympathetic, especial emphasis being placed upon her courage in the time of danger. An excellent index, to both volumes, is given.

*The anatomy
of the cat.*

Students and teachers of comparative and of human anatomy will find much to approve in Professor Jayne's "The Skeleton of the Cat," the first to appear of a series on "Mammalian Anatomy" (Lippincott), designed as a preparation for study in these two fields. This monograph opens with a chapter devoted to definitions and methods, and is followed by a systematic study of every bone and of the regions formed by union. The description of a bone includes an explanation of its name, the areas for muscular attachment, its articulation, rules for rapid identification, the centres of ossification from which it is developed, its growth, and its variations. A careful comparison

is then made with the corresponding bone in the human skeleton. The derivation of technical names is given, along with the English derivations and French and German equivalents. The simple and practical terminology, the clear presentation and logical arrangement of the subject, and the abundant illustrations, make the book a satisfactory and practicable guide for the novice, while its wealth of detail affords a veritable mine of information for the teacher. The book is a credit to American scholarship and American bookmaking, and is destined to a real field of usefulness in the biological laboratory and in the service of the independent worker.

Beginnings of life and foundations of continents.

The volume entitled "Relics of Pre-meval Life" (Fleming H. Revell Co.) contains the substance of a course of lectures before the Lowell Institute of Boston, by Sir J. William Dawson. The lectures treat an obscure subject, the records of which have been in great measure obliterated by metamorphic influences operative in geologic periods of undeterminable duration. In the great geologic stone book, these records were inscribed upon the eldest leaves, forming that strip of present land in Eastern Canada, by the St. Lawrence River, which first emerged from the shoreless ocean, at least in the Western hemisphere. Here life began at the bottom of a most ancient sea. Before other deposits were piled upon them, these strata were lifted above the waves and stratigraphic records cease. The Eozoön, the dawn animal, appears to have been among the first of the living things which were introduced into the waters that covered the earth, after its more active physical transformations were finished. It appears to have come in upon the ground floor. It is something to have determined, even approximately, the beginnings of life and the foundations of continents.

An excellent American history.

The ideal history of the United States for schools has probably not been written; but perhaps the nearest approach to that ideal is at hand in the "Students' History of the United States," written by Professor Edward Channing of Harvard University, and published by the Macmillan Co. Those who read Professor Channing's smaller volume, prepared two years or more ago to meet the needs of English students of American history, must welcome this latest contribution with interest. There is the proper proportion, no one period being unduly magnified at the expense of another; the suggestions and references are exceedingly helpful; the illustrative material is well selected, and the several chapters are so admirably constructed as to make the book appeal at once to teachers as the best of its kind that has yet appeared.

Story of the Pequot war.

One of the most important episodes in the early history of New England was the war of extermination waged against the fierce tribe of Pequot Indians, which threatened the quiet and security of the border lands

toward which the overflow of the Bay population was rushing. So complete was the work of the whites, when once they had bestirred themselves against the savages, that the Pequots were almost entirely destroyed, after which "the land had rest for forty years." A good service for students of American history has been done by Mr. Charles Orr in reprinting in a neat volume (Cleveland: Helman-Taylor Co.) the accounts of this war, written by participants in it, which have been preserved in permanent form in the collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society. The story, as told by Major John Mason, Captain John Underhill, Captain Lion Gardner, and Mr. Philip Vincent, is illustrated by an introduction, by foot-notes, and by a map, thus putting in convenient form for reference material heretofore locked up in comparatively inaccessible volumes.

BRIEFER MENTION.

The latest number of the Johns Hopkins University Studies consists of some two hundred pages on "The Neutrality of the American Lakes," by Mr. James Morton Callahan. The author finds the comity between Canada and the United States for eighty years under the agreement of joint occupation to be unique, a precedent worthy of imitation, and a strong argument for "peace establishments."

"The Best of Browning," by the Rev. James Mudge, is a publication of Messrs. Eaton & Mains. It opens with an introduction by the Rev. William V. Kelley, which is followed by an "explanatory" section by the editor. Then we have in succession "How to Read Browning," "The Benefits of Browning Study," "Brief Felicities and Fancies," "Moral and Religious Thoughts," and "Gems of Description." Finally, when half through the volume, we come to the selected poems themselves, although even here we are not spared a great deal of comment and annotation. One is apt to think "the worst of Browning" is that it takes so much apparatus to explain "the best" of him, but we would not deride a book that has been so lovingly put together, and that may prove just the thing needed by readers who would not get Browning at all save in some such guise.

It is seldom that one sees handsomer specimens of bookmaking than the volumes issued in "The Tudor Translations," a series edited by Mr. W. E. Henley and published by Mr. David Nutt of London. The object of this series is to reproduce the "acknowledged masterpieces of English style in the one hundred years from 1550 to 1650, which are also masterpieces of Classic and European literature." Florio's Montaigne, North's Plutarch, and Shelton's Don Quixote are among the works already issued, the latest to appear being Geffraie Fenton's translation of the "Tragical Discourses" of Matteo Bandello, in two volumes, with a lengthy Introduction by Mr. Robert Langton Douglas. The Elizabethan dramatists owe much to these quaintly-written love tales of Bandello, the material of such plays as "Romeo and Juliet," "Twelfth Night," and "The Duchess of Malfy" being directly referable to the "Discourses." It was altogether well worth while to reprint the work in this sumptuous series.

LITERARY NOTES.

"The Psalms," in two volumes, edited by Professor R. G. Moulton, are published by the Macmillan Co. in "The Modern Reader's Bible."

A new edition of Dr. Th. Billroth's "The Care of the Sick," translated by Mr. J. Bentall Endean, is published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Macmillan Co. publish "The Cathedral Church of Hereford," by Mr. A. Hugh Fisher, in the "Cathedral" series of handbooks edited by Mr. Gleeson White.

"Wonder Tales from Wagner," told for young people by Miss Anna Alice Chapin, is a companion volume to her "Story of the Rhinegold," and is published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons are soon to publish Daudet's "Soutien de Famille" in an English translation entitled "The Head of the Family," with an introduction by Professor Adolphe Cohn.

"Religious Pamphlets," selected and edited by the Rev. Percy Dearmer, is published in the "Pamphlet Library" by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. There are seventeen numbers, ranging from Wyclif to Newman.

"To Teach the Negro History" is the title of a pamphlet by Mr. John Stephens Durham, published by Mr. David McKay. It is a condensation of a series of talks given by the author a year ago at the Hampton and Tuskegee schools.

The Chinese library of the late James Legge has been purchased by Messrs. Luzac & Co. of London, who will soon issue a catalogue of the collection. There are between two and three thousand volumes, and a sale *en bloc* to some institution is desired to be made by the owners.

The "Saturday Evening Post" of Philadelphia, the oldest paper in America, has been purchased by the Curtis Publishing Co., and will be run hereafter as a weekly magazine. The "Post" was originally the old "Pennsylvania Gazette," conducted by Benjamin Franklin.

Messrs. Luzac & Co., London, publish Dr. Fritz Rosen's "Modern Persian Colloquial Grammar," with dialogues for easy reading, and selections from the diaries of the late Shah. The reading matter is given in threefold form,—Persian script, roman transliteration, and English translation.

"The Poetry of Samuel Taylor Coleridge" is a volume in "The Muse's Library," imported by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. The special significance of this edition is due to the fact that it is edited by Dr. Richard Garnett, whose lengthy introduction is a contribution of fresh and lasting value to poetical criticism.

"Chinese Philosophy," by Dr. Paul Carus, being "an exposition of the main characteristic features of Chinese thought," is issued in "The Religion of Science Library" by the Open Court Publishing Co. A prefatory note informs us that the work has been translated into Chinese by order of the Tsungli Yamen, and placed on file in the official archives.

A rival to the new Bible dictionary now in course of publication by the Messrs. Scribner will be offered by the "Encyclopædia Biblica," now announced by the Macmillan Co. This work will extend to four volumes, to appear quarterly, beginning with next October. Dr. T. K. Cheyne is the chief editor of this work, which has the collaboration of the most eminent scholars of Europe and America.

Recently published classical texts include "Ovid:

Metamorphoses, Book XIII." (Hinds & Noble), edited by Mr. J. H. Hayden; Xenophon's "Cyropaedia" (American Book Co.), edited and abridged by Mr. C. W. Gleason; "The First Book of Caesar's Gallic War" (Ginn), edited by Dr. A. W. Roberts; and "The Captivis and Triumnum of Plautus" (Ginn), edited by Professor E. P. Morris.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

May, 1898.

Afghanistan, Memories of. Gen. Sir Hugh Gough. *Pall Mall*.
 American Treaties, Two Great. W. M. Jones. *Rev. of Rev.*
 Beethoven Museum at Bonn. H. E. Krebsiel. *Century*.
 Biography, A New Theory of. *Dial*.
 Brain, Byways of the. Andrew Wilson. *Harper*.
 Burgoyne Campaign and its Results. H. C. Lodge. *Scribner*.
 California, Hittell's History of. B. A. Hinsdale. *Dial*.
 Childhood, Secret Language of. Oscar Chrismar. *Century*.
 Children's Ideals, A Study of. *Popular Science*.
 Club and Salon. Amelia Gere Mason. *Century*.
 Dreyfus and Zola Trials, The. J. T. Morse Jr. *Atlantic*.
 East Side Considerations. E. S. Martin. *Harper*.
 Enchanted Mesa, Ascent of the. F. W. Dodge. *Century*.
 English Literature and the Vernacular. M. H. Liddell. *Atlantic*.
 Engineers, A Family of. T. C. Martin. *Cosmopolitan*.
 Explorers of the Southern Heavens. T. J. J. See. *Atlantic*.
 Great Lakes, The. F. W. Fitzpatrick. *Cosmopolitan*.
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 Historical Fiction, Recent. W. M. Payne. *Dial*.
 Income-Tax Question, The. David A. Wells. *Pop. Sci.*
 International Isolation of the U. S. Richard Olney. *Atlantic*.
 Irish Nationalist, Memoirs of an. *Dial*.
 Japanese Art, An Outline of. E. F. Fenollosa. *Century*.
 Jefferson Davis, An Attempted Rescue of. *Century*.
 Kite-Flying in 1897. George J. Varney. *Popular Science*.
 Knowledge through Association. *Educational Review*.
 Kuropatkin, War Lord of Russia. *Review of Reviews*.
 Literary Form, The Greatest. C. L. Moore. *Dial*.
 Lyric Poetry, Claims of. F. L. Thompson. *Dial*.
 Melbourne, Charles Short. *Pall Mall*.
 Milne, John, and his Earthquake Observatory. *McClure*.
 Motherhood, The Profession of. J. B. Walker. *Cosmopolitan*.
 Müller, George, Founder of Bristol Orphanages. *Rev. of Rev.*
 Napoleon Bonaparte, Autobiography of. *Cosmopolitan*.
 Non-Religion in the Future. Wallace Rice. *Dial*.
 Old Mesa Life, Notes on. F. Lungren. *Century*.
 Oratory, After-Dinner. Brander Matthews. *Century*.
 Pearson, John L., R.A. Cosmo Monkhouse. *Pall Mall*.
 Photograph, Value of the. K. Cox and R. Sturgis. *Scribner*.
 Primaries, Better, Movement for. *Review of Reviews*.
 Psychology and Real Life. Hugo Müsterberg. *Atlantic*.
 Railway Crossings in Europe and America. *Century*.
 Railway Traveling, Evolution of Comfort in. *Pall Mall*.
 Russia, A Statesman of (Constantine Pobedonostzeff). *Cent.*
 Russia, Awakened. Julian Ralph. *Harper*.
 School Grade a Fiction. W. S. Jackman. *Educational Rev.*
 Secondary Schools, Election of Studies in. *Educational Rev.*
 Seidl, Anton. Charles D. Lanier. *Review of Reviews*.
 Snow Crystals. *Popular Science*.
 Spring in Virginia. Bradford Torrey. *Atlantic*.
 Submarine Photography. Louis Boutan. *Century*.
 Trans-Isthmian Canal Problem. Col. Wm. Ludlow. *Harper*.
 University Life in Middle Ages. W. T. Hewett. *Harper*.
 Upper Nile, Scramble for the. R. D. Mohun. *Century*.
 Varallo and the Val Sesia. Edwin Lord Weeks. *Harper*.
 Washington Reminiscences. A. R. Spofford. *Atlantic*.
 Wellesley, Life at. Abbe C. Goodloe. *Scribner*.
 West Indian Bridge between No. and So. America. *Pop. Sci.*
 Western Land Booms,—and After. H. J. Fletcher. *Atlantic*.
 Wheat Question, The. W. C. Ford. *Popular Science*.
 Wistaria Shrine of Kameido, The. *Cosmopolitan*.
 X-Rays, What Are They? John Trowbridge. *Century*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 85 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

A Memoir of Major-General Sir Henry Creswicke Rawlinson, Bart. By George Rawlinson, M.A.; with Introduction by Field-Marshal Lord Roberts of Kandahar, V.C. With portraits, large 8vo, uncut, pp. 358. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$5.
 Here and There and Everywhere: Reminiscences. By M. E. W. Sherwood. With portraits, 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 301. H. S. Stone & Co. \$2.50.
 A French Volunteer of the War of Independence (The Chevalier de Pontgibaud). Trans. and edited by Robert B. Douglas. With portrait, gilt top, uncut, pp. 294. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.
 Mirabeau. By P. F. Willert, M.A. 12mo, pp. 230. "Foreign Statesmen." Macmillan Co. 75 cts.
 Heroic Personalities. By Louis Albert Banks, D.D. With portraits, 12mo, pp. 237. Eaton & Mains. \$1.

HISTORY.

History of England under Henry the Fourth. By James Hamilton Wylie, M.A. Vol. IV., 1411-1413; 12mo, uncut, pp. 575. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$7.
 The Story of the Malakand Field Force: An Episode of Frontier War. By Winston L. Spence Churchill. With portrait and maps, 12mo, uncut, pp. 336. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$2.50.
 The Founding of the German Empire by William I. By Heinrich von Sybel; trans. by Helene Schimmeleffennig White. Vol. VII., completing the work; 8vo, gilt top, pp. 578. T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$2.
 The Franks: From their Origin as a Confederacy to the Establishment of the Kingdom of France and the German Empire. By Lewis Sergeant. Illus. 12mo, pp. 343. "Story of the Nations." G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.
 An Essay on Western Civilization in its Economic Aspects (Ancient Times). By W. Cunningham, D.D. 12mo, uncut, pp. 220. "Cambridge Historical Series." Macmillan Co. \$1.60.
 The Story of Perugia. By Margaret Symonds and Lina Duff Gordon. Illus. 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 326. "Medieval Towns." Macmillan Co. \$1.50.
 A History of our Country. By Edward S. Ellis, A.M. Illus. 12mo, pp. 478. Lee & Shepard. \$1. net.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

The Best of Browning. By Rev. James Mudge, D.D.; with Introduction by Rev. William V. Kelley, D.D. With portrait, 12mo, gilt top, pp. 252. Eaton & Mains. \$1.50.
 In Praise of Omar: An Address. By the Hon. John Hay. 18mo, uncut, pp. 16. Thomas B. Mosher. Paper, 25c. net.
 Tennyson's Crossing the Bar. Decorated by Blanche McManus. 8vo. E. R. Herrick & Co. Paper, 25 cts.

NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

Shakespeare's Sonnets. 8vo, uncut, pp. 165. "English Love Sonnets." Copeland & Day. \$2.50.

POETRY.

Ireland, with Other Poems. By Lionel Johnson. 8vo, uncut, pp. 127. Copeland & Day. \$1.50.
 Shapes and Shadows. By Madison Cawein. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 77. R. H. Russell. \$1.25.
 La Santa Yerba. By William L. Shoemaker. 24mo, pp. 119. Copeland & Day. \$1.
 Home from the War. By Mary Lowe Dickinson. Illus. 8vo. New York: Book Dept. of the Silver Cross. Paper, 30 cts.

FICTION.

The Making of a Prig. By Evelyn Sharp. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 410. John Lane. \$1.50.
 The Peacemakers. By John Strange Winter. 12mo, pp. 317. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.25.
 The Durket Sparret. By Sarah Barnwell Elliott. 12mo, pp. 222. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.25.
 Belenguered: A Story of the Uplands of Baden in the Seventeenth Century. By Herman T. Koerner. Illus. 12mo, pp. 404. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

The Vicar. By Joseph Hatton. 12mo, pp. 320. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.25.

A Realized Ideal. By Julia Magruder. 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 135. H. S. Stone & Co. \$1.25.
 The Incidental Bishop. By Grant Allen. 12mo, pp. 306. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.; paper, 50 cts.
 Two Prisoners. By Thomas Nelson Page. With frontispiece, 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 82. R. H. Russell. \$1.
 Plain Living: A Bush Idyll. By Rolf Boldrewood. 12mo, pp. 316. Macmillan Co. \$1.75.

The Imported Bridegroom, and Other Stories of the New York Ghetto. By Abraham Cahan. 16mo, pp. 286. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.

King Circumstance. By Edwin Pugh. 12mo, pp. 322. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.25.

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REFERENCE.

The Statesman's Year-Book: Statistical and Historical Annual of the States of the World for the Year 1898. Edited by J. Scott Keltie, LL.D., and I. P. A. Renwick, M.A. With maps, 12mo, pp. 1166. Macmillan Co. \$3. net.

The Bookman Literary Year-Book, 1898. Edited by James MacArthur. Illus., 12mo, uncut, pp. 263. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.

SCIENCE.

The A B C of Mining: A Handbook for Prospectors. By Charles A. Bramble, D.L.S. Illus., 16mo, pp. 183. Rand, McNally & Co. \$1.

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